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SUNDAY, JULY 15, 1945

THE

SPIRIT

When Jed Peters awoke that morning, he had only **TWO HOURS** to live!

MMMM -- I OVERSLEPT! BUT I'M THROUGH GOING TO THE OFFICE, ANYWAY -- I'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THAT BROKEN-DOWN JOB!

By the time he dressed and ate his breakfast, he had only **AN HOUR AND A QUARTER** to live!

WHAT A BREAKFAST! EVERYTHING I LIKED -- NO POINT IN SCRIMPING ON NICKELS NOW! -- WELL, I'LL PHONE MAE!

RESTAURANT

When he finished his telephone call, he had exactly **ONE HOUR** to live!

NO, MAE, I'M NOT KIDDING! I'LL BE THERE AS FAST AS A TAXI CAN CARRY ME! HAVE THE DOOR OPEN AND YOUR LUGGAGE PACKED!



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It was a long taxi ride...when he reached his destination, his life span had been cut to **FIFTEEN MINUTES!**

JED! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING, DARLING -- BUT FIRST I WANT A KISS!

A lovers' embrace -- a few tender words -- and Jed had but **TEN MINUTES** left on earth!

OH, JED, IT'S TOO WONDERFUL! CAN WE REALLY AFFORD TO GET MARRIED?

YES, AND IN STYLE, BABY! DRESS IN YOUR BEST, AND LET'S GO FOR THE LICENSE!

Mac Morris dresses no faster than the usual American girl, even in a hurry! Jed's last life sands trickled away! He had only five minutes left -- then only four...three...two...

YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME HOW WE'RE GOING TO MANAGE, DARLING? HAVE YOU INHERITED...?

SLAP THAT POWDER ON YOUR NOSE, MAE! TIME'S A-WASTIN'!

She emerges -- and Jed has only **TWENTY SECONDS LEFT TO LIVE!**

WOW! YOU'RE SO PRETTY I CAN'T STAND IT!

NOW GIVE, HONEY! WHAT'S THE WONDERFUL NEWS?

ONE SECOND LEFT!

IT'S A LONG STORY, AND I'M GOING TO TELL ALL OF IT! LET ME BEGIN BY DESCRIBING---

JED!

BANG!

Now we know all that Commissioner Dolan and the **SPIRIT** know!

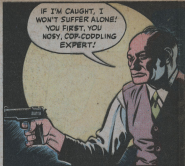
I'VE GONE OVER THE POOR GIRL'S EVIDENCE THREE TIMES, AND I STILL DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN, **SPIRIT!**











Public Notices

Public Notices
Attention, Lady Luck! The late Mrs. VanRocks has bequeathed her entire fortune to you. If you will appear before executor and establish your identity, he will turn over key to strongbox. Gabriel Sharpe, Exec'r., Bayview Manor.
Secretly handled. Submit

strongbox. Gabrielle
Bayview Manor.
information, discreetly handled. Submit

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are in
total
bread
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By Klaus Nordling

HUMMM... THIS
COULD TURN INTO
QUITE A PROBLEM...

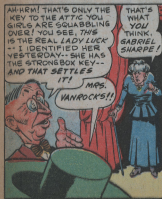
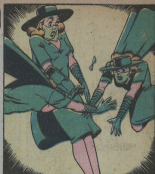
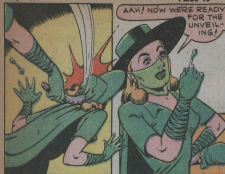
SINCE LADY LUCK WILL NEVER REVEAL HER TRUE IDENTITY, THERE'S NO REASON WHY ANYONE COULDN'T APPEAR IN THE GUISE OF LADY LUCK TO CLAIM THE FORTUNE!

HOWEVER, IF I PLAY MY CARDS RIGHT, THE MONEY WON'T FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE WRONG PARTY...

WELL, THERE GOES THE DOORBELL-- A CLAIMANT ARRIVES!

LADYLUCK





SHUT UP, GABRIEL!
-- YOU LITTLE
PETTIFOGGER!

Y-YES,
MAAM!

NOW, WHICH OF YOU IS LADY
LUCK? EH--? I'M GOING TO
CALL THE POLICE-- LADY
LUCK WILL REMAIN! THE
REST OF YOU GET OUT!!

BOY, WHAT A
SCREWY
SETUP!

OH,
WELL--!

YEAH, BUT
I HADDA
GO BLEACH
MY HAIR!--

ARE YOU SATISFIED? THEY ALL
LEFT! THEY WERE
ALL
IMPOSTORS!

BUT-- I-I-F.
YOU'LL PARDON ME--
SO ARE YOU! MRS.
VANROCKS
IS DEAD!



UNDER THE GREASEPAINT
AND NOSE PUTTY I'M
LADY LUCK! IT WAS THE
ONLY WAY I COULD
DISPROVE THEIR
CLAIMS--

WELL--ER- I'M
N-NOT SATISFIED!
I HAPPEN TO KNOW
ONE OF THOSE
GIRLS WAS
REALLY--



MAYBE I'D BETTER
CALL THE POLICE! I'M NOT
SATISFIED THAT YOU, MR.
SHARPE, HAVEN'T BEEN
CONVINCING FOR THIS
FORTUNE!

T-TAKE IT
EA--OOPS!



AS FOR THE MONEY, IT'S
GOING TO SERVE NO
SELFISH INTERESTS--
IT'S GOING TO CHARITY,
WHERE IT'LL DO THE
MOST GOOD!



-- AND IF YOU CHERISH
A VACATION BEHIND
STONE WALLS --

SUE ME!



FLATFOOT BURNS

SURREALIST ART EXHIBIT

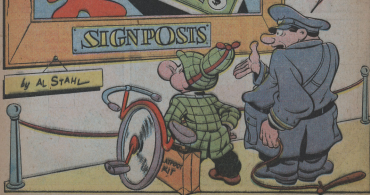


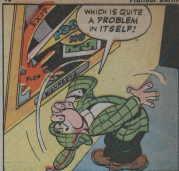
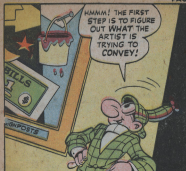
SIGNPOSTS

by AL STAHL

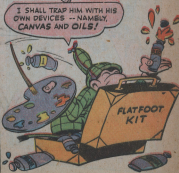
STAR
DETECTIVE

AND THAT'S
THE PROBLEM,
FLATFOOT!
WHILE ART
LOVERS LOOK
AT THIS
SURREALIST
PAINTING,
THEIR POCKETS
ARE PICKED!





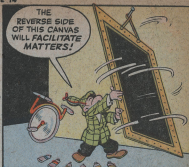
PLOP!



HMMM... THE VERY IDEA!
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF
THE ART-LOVING
PUBLIC WITH SUCH
NEFARIOUS
SCHEMES!



THE
REVERSE SIDE
OF THIS CANVAS
WILL FACILITATE
MATTERS!



THAT IS... WITH
FLATFOOT'S ORIGINAL
PROCESS OF
SURREALIST
OIL-PAINT
MIXING!



PERFECT CAMOUFLAGE!
NOW TO AWAIT THE
APPEARANCE OF
THE CULPRIT!

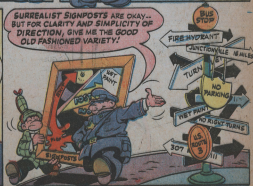
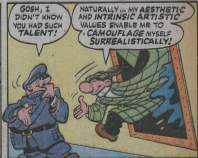
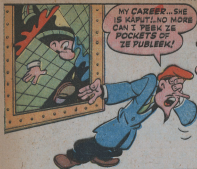


A short while later, the
museum opens to the public...

» GULP! WHAT EES
THEES? ... MY
PAINTING... SHE
IS RUINED!



HMM-M!



JONES Y

By DIB



THE **SPiRiT** SCANNING PROJECT TEAM

[HTTP://EMCEE-SCANNER.BLOGSPOT.COM](http://emcee-scanner.blogspot.com)



GREETINGS! YOU ARE READING THIS BECAUSE YOU DOWNLOADED THIS SPIRIT SCAN, AND HOPEFULLY ENJOY READING THESE STORIES AS MUCH AS WE ENJOY SCANNING THEM. WE INVITE YOU TO JOIN OUR PROJECT OF SCANNING ALL OF THE REMAINING UNSCANNED SPIRIT COMICS AND NEWSPAPER SECTIONS. PLEASE CONTACT ONE OF THE FINE FOLKS LISTED BELOW FOR MORE INFORMATION ON WHICH SCANS ARE NEEDED. THANKS IN ADVANCE, --< THE SPIRIT SCANNING PROJECT TEAM >--

PROJECT TEAM MEMBERS (IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE):

* BUMBLEBEE-MAN (FOUNDER - RETIRED) * FLATTERMANN * SNARD * DARWINATION * EMCEE